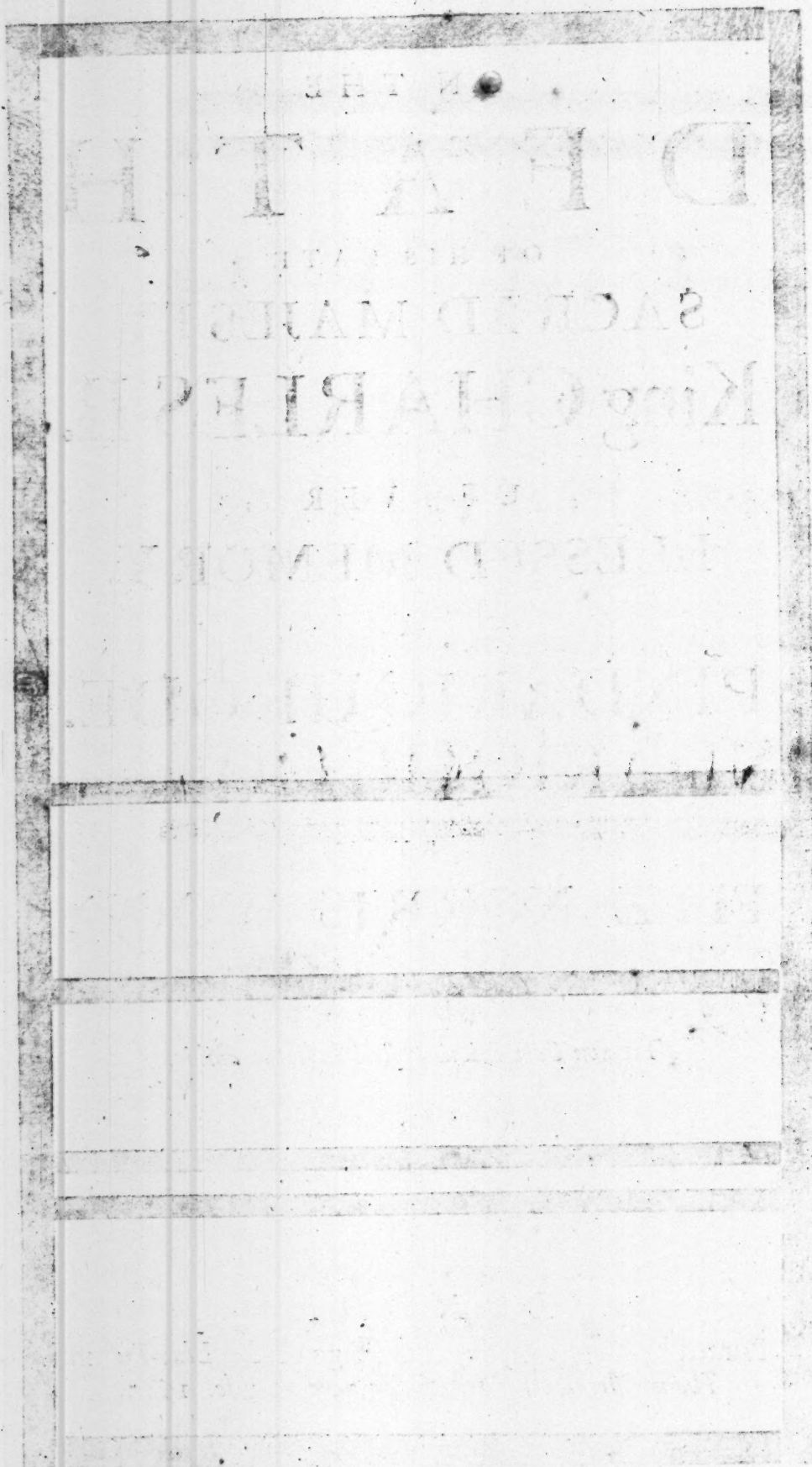


ON THE
D E A T H
OF HIS LATE
SACRED MAJESTY
King CHARLES II.
OF EVER
BLESSED MEMORY.
A
PINDARIQUE ODE.

BY
FITZ NORRIS WOOD.

Tu non Carminibus nostris Indictus abibis.
Virgil.

L O N D O N,
Printed by George Croom, at the Sign of the *Blue-Ball* in
Thames-street, over against *Baynard's-Castle*. 1685.



(3)

ON THE
DEATH
OF HIS LATE
SACRED MAJESTY
King **CHARLES II.**
OF EVER
BLESSED MEMORY.

A
PINDARIQUE ODE.

STANZA I.

How short, how very short's the Date,
Of what we fondly stile Felicity?

For where's the Man, or where's the State,
That's not a Slave to Fate?

And must to his Tyrannical Decree
For ever, oh for ever Tributary be.

Alas, and yet 'tis true! 'twas but ere while

Joy, like the Ocean, did embrace our Isle,

And every Village wore one Universal Smile.

A 2

When

When on the Wings of Fame
 Th' amazing Tidings swiftly came,
 Great *Charles*, Great *Charles*, our Royal Sovereign's Dead,
 Ah me ! how Dolefully the Eccho spread,
 Great *Charles*, Great *Charles*, our Royal Sovereign's Dead.

II.

Harsh Fate ! could nothing less a Victim be,
 T' appease the angry Deity ;
 Or is but thy Usury ;
 When for *Our Crimes*, thou do'st thy *Reckoning* call,
 That thus the *Interest* should Exceed the *Principal*.
 Rash as thou art, look back and see
 Thy Darts Luxurious Liberty ;
 Consider what thou'st done, and know
 In this Cruel heedless Blow :
 Thou'st wrought more Detriment to Man,
 Than if a Colony at least thou'st Slain ;
 They of the *common Croud* but *Ciphers* are,
 Whom without *Loss* their *Countrey* spare :
 But if a *King* in *Israel* Fall,
 Such an one as he,
 For Wisdom, and for Piety,
 A *David*, or a *Solomon*.

The mighty Ruine's Epidemical ;
 Empires beneath the pressure shrink and the whole World
 No

III.

Nor less is to thy *MANES* due,
 Oh *Wondrous Prince*! For who can view
 With Tearless Eyes
 Thy Mournful Obsequies?

Where are those Hearts of *Adamant* or *Steel*,
 That in thy Wounds, no Woundings feel;

And are not touch'd by Sympathy,
 Oh *Wondrous Prince*! Oh *Fatal Destiny*!

Why is he snatch'd away so soon?

Who whilst he wore an Earthly Crown,
 Was *Albions* chief Delight, and *Albions* chief Renown:
 So Godlike, and so Great, so Extensive in his Power,
 The Almighty only more:

He said the Word, and all Obey'd.

Faction at home withdrew its *Hydra Head*,

And crept in silence to a *Forreign Shore*

That dar'd to *Hiss*, and shew its *Sting* before.

IV.

Great Arbitrer of Peace!

He said the Word, and War did Cease.

Europe of Blood, and slaughter late the Scene,

By his *Herculean Wisdom* was made Clean.

The proudest Son of *Mars*, flush'd in the Arts of Death,

B

Obey'd

Obey'd his awful Breath:

The thoughts of Victory, which he valued more

Than Misers do their hoarded Ore:

He quite forgot, and Blushing left the Field,

Oblig'd unwillingly to Yield.

Affrick it self, and every *distant Clime*,

Where 'ere the Mouth of Fame

Had told, (and tell me where it had not) *Charles* his Name

Bow'd as Petitioners to him:

From unknown Seas, ore unknown Lands they Trod

T'adore the *Umpire* of the *World*, and *Englands Demy God*.

V.

All this he was--- but who can tell the rest,

How can it be for Grief Express't?

For should we say, how just, how good, how merciful he was,

How far from Passion, and how full of Peace,

How free, how kind, how ready to relieve

His injur'd Friend, and worst of Enemies forgive.

The *Summ* of Tears to his joynt Graces due;

Tho every *Pore* should Weep, and every *Vein* supply,

Till those were stop'd, and these were Dry,

Yet all would be too few.

Say we then no more, but only grieve that Heaven

Who to Dread *Charles* so much had given

Did

Did not not to crown his Bounty, make his *Charter* free
 From the Incroachments of Mortality :
 At least, in this our Age, it might not have been said
 The best of Princes that ere liv'd ; Ah me ! is Dead.

VI.

Oh sudden Change ! Oh cruel Death,
 Gorg'd with imperial Breath :
 Boast of thy Triumph, thou hast done thy worst,
 And shalt at last thy self be Curst.
 Nor can thy Conquests o'r the just and brave,
 Extend beyond the limits of a Grave ;
 'Tis all that thou can'st do
 Thou Conquer'st but by halves, and that the least half too.
 Imperious as thou art, thy Tyrannous Dart
 Could never reach the *Immortal part* :
 Thou strik'st the *Out-works* down, but dar'st not try
 Beyond the *breach*, a hopeless *Victory*.
 Poor *Conquerour* ! where thy *stroke* the *Soul* sets free,
 When thou hast done thy worst, to *Vanquish* thee.

VII.

This Great Mans Loss then let us Weep no more,
 There's little Justice in our Tears,
 Sorrow must know its Period too,

For

For all that we can do

Degenerous Appears:

And shows, as if because our selves are Poor,

We envied his Cœlestial Store.

Hail then blest Saint, all hail to thee !

Who having past Lifes stormy Sea,

Art safely landed on that Happy Shore,

Where thou shalt never, never suffer more.

Whilst we who are confin'd to wait

The slow advance of Fate ;

Are made the sport of every rising Wave,

That only shews and mocks us with a Grave:

Yet tell's us not when we shall safely land,

On that Immortal strand,

Where with thy Great Fore-Fathers thou art Blest

With *Halcion Calmes*, and *Everlasting Rest*.

F I N I S.

This Great Man's then let us Weep no more,

Borrow must know its Period too,

For

THE DEATH OF STEPHEN

D.

T.

T.

T.

O.

V.

T.

E.

S.

ORIGINAL DEED OF CONFESSION

T.

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THE

WOMEN OF THE

OF

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TO

THE CHURCH OF THE

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